

Not much of a believer  
but my Guardian Angel is. Im  
guarding nothing at 0<sup>10</sup> in my  
new company in Korea and  
nip into a supply tent,  
fire up a stove.  
After a bit it grows hot  
and the red splotch  
by the pipe starts  
migrating in my drowsiness.  
An outside hustle snaps me to,  
and I speed through protocol:  
Halt! Who goes there?  
It proves to be my Captain,  
and this our first meeting.  
Hes a tub but has seen  
John Wayne films, twin  
45s flank